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G. W. KILPATRICK,

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Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH SPEED AND DESPATCH.

POETRY.

For the Democrat,
A DREAM.

Sisters, dear sisters, many a year
Has passed, since we have seen you here
Upon this earthly frame;
But in the hours of last night's rest,
When sleep had reason's power repress't,
'Twas thou, dear ones, you came.

I seem'd to have been long away
From that dear spot, where life's young day
First opened to my view;
And, as my homeward path I traced,
And reared the spot, the view was graced
By hazy sights of you.

On wings of love you seem'd to come,
Your arms around my form were flung,
Your lips to mine were press'd;
And words of deep and fond delight,
That I again had blessed your sight,
Were sweetly then express'd.

I seem to feel the feeling now,
Which made me scan each altered brow,
With deep affections hush'd,
To see if the rough hand of time,
Had left on either face a line
Which might not be retrac'd.

Your hearts beat high with rapturous joy,
My happiness knew no alloy
That we should dwell again,
In the dear home of youthful years,
Sharing each others joys and tears,
Each other bliss and pain.

Then I awoke; the dream had fled—
But visions of the early dead
Even then my heart did fill;
Together they had sped away,
Together now they seem'd to say,
"Sisters, we love you still."

My Father, when my cup of life
Is drain'd, and I have passed the strife
With death successfully,
Shall my young sisters vanished forms,
Greet me in the far distant realms,
Of immortality?

OCTAVIA.

POPULAR FABLES.

FIRST AND SECOND LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

A bright afternoon, succeeding a dull, cloudy morning in Autumn. The sunbeams, the more brilliant from their late imprisonment, gleamed gladly over vale, hillside, and summit. Beautiful sunbeams, emblems of life and gladness in the human soul; infusing a fresher and livelier spirit in the drooping, animating the weary and desponding, glowing over all things with their golden lustre, making a sad world beautiful, and a bright world glorious. They stole through the cottage door, and the high arched portal of wealth; they rested, alike on the hoary, bowed head of age, and the glad brows of youth,—on the loftiest and the lowliest.

Mabel Baynard smiled, for the first time, that day, as she watched from the window the heavy mists of the morning gradually recede in the distance, and a warm, glowing radiance illuminate the landscape. Her own young heart had been full of sad thoughts, but now a brighter and more cheering influence dispelled the recent gloom. Not long can the very young remember their disappointment, or cease to gild the future with a glory, alas! never realized. And now, as the light of sunbeams streamed full upon the dark clusters of her hair, lending a tinge of purple to its blackness, and over her lovely, child-like face, the light of hope sprang up, like a beacon in her heart.

"I will seek my father," she murmured, "he will not—'he cannot, refuse the petitions of his only child.'"

In the same mansion, with his head bent over his clasped hands, his limbs relaxed and listless, his eyes bent downward, though not upon the massive tome opened before him, sat a gentleman in deep thought. Suddenly, a small hand was laid upon his head; an arm stole 'round his neck, and the lips of his child touched his forehead. He looked up, with a quiet searching glance into her anxious face, and her eyes sunk beneath it. He drew his arm around her, and placed her beside him, and for a few moments neither spoke, though Mabel's heart quivered like a frightened bird. At length the father said, sadly and mournfully:

"And so my daughter would leave me for the home of a stranger. Scarcely past her childhood, she seems herself capable of choosing a husband better than her father. Ah! me! will she find the world always so flattering and so kind?—will her

lover be ever so devoted? I, who have read life better than you Mabel, I, who love you so truly and so fondly, have laid my interdiction upon your wishes, and I have only acted thus that you might be a happier and a nobler woman."

"Oh, father!" said the girl in a low, tremulous voice, "never, never can I find a heart nobler and better than yours to lean upon, never a home of greater enjoyment! Nor do I wish to leave you in your loneliness. He whom I love will join me in adding to your comfort, will be to you a son, supplying the place of my lost and lamented brother."

"Never!" cried the old man vehemently, while he half rose from his chair, and slightly pushed away his daughter. "Never can such a James Lennox supply the place of his beloved Charles! never shall he call me father! nor shall my home be polluted by his presence. He is a weak, unprincipled man, Mabel, unstable as the wind, companion of the profligate and the abandoned."

Up, over the girl's pale brow rushed the burning crimson, and her lips quivered angrily, and her eyes flashed indignantly as she stood up before her father:

"He who told you these things perjured his soul with a base falsehood—and your informer I know. Dared Walter Lennox hope to heap insult and dishonor upon the noble head that stands unsathed and triumphant in its purity? dared he hope to win my hand by reviling his cousin's character? He is a bold and daring wooer—more so than he shall be who wins the hand of Mabel Baynard!"

"Yet, father," said she, more calmly, as Mr. Baynard gazed with astonishment upon his usually mild daughter, "yet, could these charges be substantiated, you know how willingly I would resign James Lennox. But they cannot! they never can! And oh! father, she pursued, sinking upon her knees beside him, 'for my sake, do not cast him utterly off! father, grieved by despair and anguish, hopeless, aimless, may he not become what you picture him! For the sake of the love you bear me, for the sake of the love you bore my mother, look not thus angrily upon her child! Give me but a faint, a distant hope, father! For my sake, relent your stern decree;—he will be here, this evening,—let it be my joyful face that shall greet him. Father, father, you will not utterly annihilate the happiness of your child!"

He looked upon her as she knelt before him, her face flushed with excitement, her dark eyes raised so beseechingly to his, her delicate form bent earnestly forward, and her child's heart fluttering in his bosom, and he could not but relent and clasped her to his breast.

"I have never been a rash or imperious parent, Mabel, and since you plead so earnestly, this much I promise you. Two years shall pass before your marriage. Those years shall form your character; and if he, if Lennox love you still, and you still deem him worthy—I will not thwart you. To no other conditions will I yield my assent."

"A thousand, thousand thanks!" the maiden cried, kissing her father's cheek. "He will issue unsolicited from the ordeal, dearest father!—he, himself, will prove how false your estimate of him has been. And see," she added, darting to the window, "some good angel has apprised him of my successful pleading, for here he comes, as fast as steel can carry him. How proudly—how nobly, he bears himself—even as some knight of olden time,—I must away to meet him, the bearer of glad tidings!"

Mr. Baynard turned to the window as his daughter quitted the room. A servant was leading away a horse from the massive old portal, and a young man now beside it with the face and form of an Adonis. There was a tone of finished elegance in his whole manner, an air of fashion well suited to his extreme personal beauty. His eye, eager and wild as the falcon's, glanced into the face of the girl who had just joined him, and a deep sigh burst from his father as he watched them disappear amid the windings of the garden walks, apparently in earnest and delighted converse.

"Will her girl's heart break," he murmured, "when this man's perfidy be proved, as it must be ere many months expire? or will she, like a true woman, spurn from her side one who is so base and so dissembling? She is happy now in the faith of the promise I have given her, and I did so promise her that she might never think that my refusal, in disappointing his hopes, had hurried him into excesses."

At this moment a young man entered the room, and advanced slowly toward Mr. Baynard. Despite the air of profound dejection that pervaded his face, it was of noble and commanding aspect. Not the mere beauty of features or color,—for he was very pale, and with lips compressed and with eyes cast down, bore no comparison to him who had won the love of his daughter. But there was a dignity, a loftiness of bearing that fully compensated for the absence of more attractive graces. Over broad, snowy brow, the chestnut hair parted in slightly waving masses, and when his eyes, those glorious eyes, were lifted at last to the face of Mr. Baynard, they spoke the powers of mind, the fire of genius that even the deep sorrow of the present moment could not quench.

"I have come," he said flatteringly, "to bid you farewell, to thank you for your great kindness to me, and to pray, that although the tide I so vainly aspired to, that of your son, has been denied me, I may hope for a place in your affections, and interest in my wayward fortunes;—is it not so?"

The old man's very soul was wrung as he grasped his hand.

"God bless you, Walter! you have been as my lost son to me,—and but for a child's whim, you might have been such in truth. Yet one word, Mabel, with all her fondness, is a proud and no-

ble girl,—and when he sees James Lennox's unworthiness, she will cast him off forever. I know her. Walter, she came to me just now, and prayed me, for the sake of her dear mother, to consent to this union. And I yielded. Nay, shrink not, boy? Years, long years shall pass, that will either improve your cousin's character, or establish his worthlessness. Mabel may yet be yours."

Light came for a moment to the desponding heart of Walter Lennox, yet only for a moment. How could he dare hope for the love of one who had treated him with uniform indifference, nay, latterly with contempt, and so he turned away with a weary weight upon his spirit, and a tide of anguish circling round his heart.

It was a lovely moonlight evening, and a face as lovely peered out from the parted curtains of Mabel Baynard's chamber; a face full of innocent and overflowing happiness. She looked upon the moon and the holy stars—she looked upon the surpassing sweetness of the landscape before her, and her own heart was thrilling in unison with every glancing moonbeam. Below her, where the cultivated garden sloped stretched far away behind those mighty sycamores, until it reached the verge of a beautiful river, bloomed flowers and shrubs of rare fragrance, and the evening air swept balminly over her polished forehead, laden with their spiciness. And not alone did the wind nestle amid the leaves with its sweet moaning, not alone did the flowers sway beneath its breath. There was one there, concealed by the waving arms of the sycamores, who gazed upon the fair face of the unconscious girl, upturned in the placid moonlight, and bid a long farewell to the object of his fervent love.

Life was one beautiful dream to Mabel Baynard, even in the absence of him, who gave its principal charm. What though long, long miles intervened between them!—were not his words to be treasured, his smiles recalled, his thousand flatteries remembered. And then came letters, breathing the very soul of love and tenderness. Mabel read and re-read these precious epistles,—and smile not reader, if the first were the more treasured, when gradually they became fewer and filled with details of fashionable life, of balls and routs, in which he always seemed the most prominent actor. In all this she saw but his kindness, his wish to amuse her—living, as he did, in the heart of a busy metropolis, and she, buried in the obscurity of the country. The selfishness, the vanity of his heart was never apparent. Yet, dearer and dearer grew those first, fond letters he had written her even after his return. And so year passed on.

And then to Mabel's startled ear, came the tidings—that her lover had forsaken her, for the smiles of another. That the belle of the city had gained the heart proffered to the simple country girl.

She sat alone that night. Ah! who can tell of the deep struggle with her own heart—of the crushed hopes—the bitter disappointment of that dark hour? The moonlight streamed full upon her face again amid the parted curtains of her chamber window.

"And is this true, Anna? Are you sure, quite sure?" she said to the friend who had very gently broken the tidings. "Did he gain me but to forsake me? Oh! Anna, Anna, speak true, as you value my happiness. Be quick, quick,—there is an aching quivering pain, about my temples, and I shall go mad if you hesitate longer!"

"'Twas but the other night I saw him, Mabel. He is a splendid looking man, truly—but I hated him then, that he dared to smile so proudly and so triumphantly upon the rich Miss Lemer. It was known throughout the room, that she had gladly accepted him. And I thought of you, darling, and I smiled so bitterly and spoke such cutting biting sarcasms, that even he was silenced,—for Mabel, I heard that man boast of the number of his conquests, and he dared name you among them?"

The young lady paused, paralyzed at the effect of her own words. Motionless, white as alabaster grew that beautiful face—the large dark eyes were fixed fearfully upon her friend: she spoke no words—she heaved no sigh—but she sat there with the moonlight streaming over her pallid face, as though the blood had frozen in her veins, and life had left her heart. At length she uttered in a deep, unnatural tone:

"You may still have been mistaken, Anna; are you sure he named me, and thus?"

"Sweet Mabel," answered her friend, tenderly twining her arms around the wretched girl: "I would not pain you but to save you—and what I tell you, is, alas! too true. And now, spurn from your heart, the ingrate who is unworthy of your pure love! Could you know what I do, Mabel; how many a fond heart has been crushed through his treachery; how many an innocent love has been won and slighted,—you would treat his very name with the contempt it merits."

"Leave me, leave me!" murmured the poor girl: "leave me this night to my own sorrow, and the morrow will satisfy you as to my future conduct."

She wrote to him that night. Beside her was his last letter, written a week previous, still filled with sentiments of love. A scornful smile came to her blanched lips as she conned its contents. She wrote proudly and sternly, told him of his perfidy and falseness, and discarded him forever. Not a tear dimmed her eyes—not a tremor shook her hand as she closed and sealed the letter.

She rung the bell, gave it in charge of a servant for immediate despatch,—and throwing herself upon her bed, murmured:

"I may now at least indulge in woman's natural sorrow."

Those tears were the last she ever shed for James Lennox.

"Mabel," said Mr. Baynard, "do you still hold your antipathy for Walter Lennox?"

"No! father, no! I was unjust and cruel towards him. I can scarce remember now, what I said or did, but I believe I pained him sadly."

"He will visit our neighborhood shortly. I know not whether he will summon courage to call on us, after his disappointment. Can he have any hopes of success this time?"

"None, father, none!" she answered, reproachfully. "I cannot bestow my love so lightly. Let him return as a friend, if he will. I can receive him in no other view."

"I know it, darling, I was but joking," rejoined the old man, though a glow of hope sprang up in his heart.

Two years have passed since the commencement of this brief tale—and Mabel Baynard stood again at the same window from which she had watched the approach of her youth's idol. Two years,—and had he proven a true and loyal lover, the orange blossoms might have been twined 'er this over her raven curls, and her sunny smile gladdened another home. But now—why looks the maiden forth with a tearful eye and tremulous lips? What mean those mourning robes that shroud her figure? And why beside her, on a table, lie her cloak and hat, both of that sombre hue that speaks of the destroyer. Mabel Baynard is gazing for perhaps the last time upon the domain of her father, the home of her happy childhood. Alas! what changes had those brief years wrought. Possessing then, a father, and a lover; the cold earth had scarcely closed over the honored head of the former, while her affection for the latter was now as a vague chimera, a delusive dream of her childish fancy, and yet the revulsion had wrought a wondrous change, for the child had now become a woman, full of warm and rich affections—of brilliant and ennobling powers of mind.

"My own beautiful home!" she murmured, leaning her small hand upon the casement sill: "Why do I love thee so? whence comes the charm that binds me so closely, now that he who made my life happy, is gone forever? Oh! father, father, thine was the loved hand to shower blessings, numberless as the stars of heaven; that hand now mouldering in its damp sepulchre of earth, though the spirit is with God who gave it!"

Sad and sorrowful was the heart of the orphan. A feeling of desolation she had never before experienced, crept over her. She was alone upon the wide world, with those most dangerous gifts to an enthusiastic girl, great wealth and extreme personal loveliness. And now the last tie that bound her to the past, was about to be severed, in her abandonment of that home which had always sheltered her. Within its lofty chambers had sounded in days gone by,

Sweet childhood's song of gloom,—here had she gambolled by the side of her only brother—here had a mother's face bent tenderly over her, 'er they carried her, the beautiful and deeply mourned to her long rest—and here, greatest of all trials! had she leaned in tearless agony over her dead father.

"Mabel," said a kind voice beside her. "Do not weep so bitterly. Bear yourself up against this last, this greatest trial, and the future will open in glorious colors to overspread the darkness of the present."

"Ah, Walter!" answered the maiden raising and placing her hand in his. "Talk not to me of new friends, new joys—since I must leave my home, let it be quickly, for my resolution wavers even now, as I look out upon that beautiful and familiar scene."

She held her mantle towards him, and he folded it carefully around her, then drawing her arm in his, he led her quietly through the portal of her home. Tenderly as a mother he lifted her into the waiting carriage, and amid many a sorrowful face Mabel Baynard passed away to other scenes and other friends.

Her future home would be with the mother of her friend Anna, in the center of a busy metropolis, amid all the life and gaiety of a populous city. Yet to Mabel in her first season of mourning, never had she experienced more complete isolation than amidst the moving mass of beings, insensible alike to her bereavement and her patient suffering. But time, the soother of grief, the balm to many a wounded spirit, wore on, and carried another year, like a slowly rolling wave to the bosom of eternity.

"Mabel," said Anna Rolston entering her friend's room, "I met Walter Lennox in my walk this morning. His visit in the city, he says, will be of some duration. Aye, smiles dearest! and blush so prettily, for lo! as I entered the door his servant handed me this beautiful bouquet for Miss Baynard. Rosebuds and all such delicate emblems, as I live! oh, Mabel, there are many ways of breathing love."

Mabel Baynard sat that day beside a table on which lay books, paintings, and music. She had attempted each in turn, yet all had been thrown aside, and now she leaned her head thoughtfully upon the table, and strove to read a stranger volume still—the windings of her own heart. One part she read clearly and truly. An open letter lay before her, traced in the characters of a hand she had almost ceased to remember. The contents ran strongly thus:

"You have not utterly cast me off, Mabel; unworthy as I have proven. I acknowledge with deep penitence and remorse my shameful conduct. But oh! believe me, when I tell you, no matter how my actions belied me, that I love you then, and I love you now and ever, better than life itself. And there was a time that you returned it. They say that woman's love is deep and lasting. Pray God, yours have survived the lapse of time. One smile, one word may answer this. Be mine! be mine! Mabel and I

a lifetime of devotion can redress one wrong, you shall be happy."

Had she been selfish, or haughty, or vain, Mabel would have gloried in thus humbling her recreant first love. But the remembrance of that early sorrow had passed away, even as a troubled dream. They had met since, in careless and casual acquaintance, without one pang for her, and she was too noble and too good to glory in her triumph. One thought she gave it, and then turned to peruse another page of her heart's feelings.

Once the doubtful, now the certain heiress of splendid fortunes—once the timid, untutored country-girl, now the dignified and self-possessed lady of the city. For these he deems me worthy to hear his name."

A hand was laid upon her arm, and Walter Lennox stood beside her, with a doubtful smile upon his lips and a changeful cheek. He had been her friend, her more than brother in all her afflictions, and Mabel freely placed the letter in his hand.

"Your answer?" he queried briefly, after he ran over the contents.

"A decided negative," was the answer, "how could I answer any other?"

There was a moment's pause.

"Mabel," said Lennox, in a voice low and tremulous, "if I dare to proffer again my once rejected suit, will it meet the same answer? On your father's deathbed you promised him to hold me as a dear brother. But the world carves at this tide and so in truth do I. Ah! let the tie between us be nearer, holier."

He took her hand in his and raised it to his lips, then pressed the unresisting fingers to his forehead. Suddenly, Mabel looked up, and met his eyes, fixed so passionately, so tenderly upon her, that a burning blush mantled her beautiful cheek, and yet a smile broke over those lips that spoke no reply. It was enough. His manly arm was round her, his lips for the first time pressed hers, he went forth from that room her chosen, her affianced husband.

And now 'tis Mabel Baynard's bridal eve.—

Amid a group of fair young girls she stands the fairest. Over her brow, and amid the clusters of her raven hair, they weave the gossamer veil and the orange blossom. The wealthiest bride, of all that season, she wears no jewels over her pure robe of satin. Her queenly and glorious beauty is her only ornament. Anon, she leans upon his arm, who stands beside her in all his noble and manly bearing, and her lips pronounced those vows that bind till death. This dazzling and brilliant scene passes unheeded for the moment; the present seems lost in the past, and her dead father raised before her, to approve her choice, and bless his children. She looked upon the face of her husband, literally radiant with joy, and oh! how dull and vapid seemed the first love of the child, to the fervent devotion of the woman.—That was the sweet delusion, but this, a bright and certain reality. The objects of both were standing beside her. James Lennox, with his eyes cast down, and his manner constrained and embarrassed, attempted to follow others in his congratulation; and Walter, with his majestic figure, and his spiritually animated faces seemed like a being of another world.

"Thank Heaven! thou art thy last and best love!" she murmured half unconsciously.

A GREAT PUMPKIN STORY.—A farmer living on the Swanscott river in New Hampshire, accidentally dropped a pumpkin seed on some rich alluvial land on the bank of the river, and a few weeks after, he was surprised to find an enormous vine growing there, with leaves as large as a dining table, and a stem as large round as a hoe-handle. He did not visit the spot again till September, when he found that the pumpkin vine had increased amazingly, and had extended across the river, (which was about twenty rods wide in this place) and was lost in an alder swamp. He remarked that it was "mighty strange," and thought no more of it until the following spring, when he crossed the river on the pumpkin vine and found, surrounded with bushes a pumpkin of monstrous size, indeed! He gazed upon it with astonishment, and soon heard some strange sounds, which seemed to proceed from the heart of this enormous vegetable. Being rather a timid man he hastened to some of his neighbors, told them the awful story, and requested their assistance. They armed themselves with axes, clubs, and pitchforks and accompanied him to the spot. The most appalling noise still seemed to issue from the entrails of the pumpkin.—But being resolute men they resolved to fathom the mystery, & forthwith assailed, and after about fifteen minutes hard labor cut open the pumpkin, when out bolted a monstrous sow, followed by her offspring, consisting of nine beautiful, thrifty pigs, about six weeks old. It appears that the farmer had missed the sow (then a poor puny creature) in the fall and after much search had given her up for lost. Subsequent events, however, prove that she had crossed the river at that time on the pumpkin, vine, and had eaten, in the pumpkin, which had furnished her with a habitation and food for herself and little ones too until she was so unconsciously fattened out of house and home.

Impudence.—To enter church after the services have commenced, and stamping your feet to attract the attention of the audience from the services of their God to your new coat.

Hard Times.—Sitting on a cold grindstone and reading the President's Message.

Credulity.—To suppose any one will have the least opinion of you unless you have a confound-

ed good one of yourself.

Proceedings of the Great Meeting, TUESDAY NIGHT.

On the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Rail Road.

The City Hall was crammed at an early hour, so that by 7 o'clock, it was hardly possible to find standing room, and crowds kept coming to the door and going away, discouraged, the whole evening, though we never saw it so full before.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. John Purinton, and Eliphalet Greely, Mayor of the city was placed in the chair, and John Neal, chosen Secretary.

Messrs. Moore and Pennoyer, from Sherbrook L. C. the former, at one time, a Captain in the Royal Navy and a late member of the Provincial Parliament, and the latter a thorough-going man of business, were then introduced to the meeting and received with a hearty and general outbreak of enthusiasm.

Mr. Henry H. Boody moved that they should be welcomed with three hearty cheers, which were given till the house shook to its foundation.

Judge Preble, Chairman of the Provisional Committee, then made his report, commenting at length upon the liberality and wisdom of the Charter, its safety for investment, and its particular as well as general character. He was interrupted again and again, by applause, and especially when he complimented the Representatives of Portland for their zeal and faithfulness and the friends of the Bill in the Legislature of the State for their promptitude and liberality.

Having pointed out the advantages of this Charter over all others in our country, and explained certain of the clauses relating to taxation, the right of way, and the purchase of lands for depots, &c., &c., so as to show the property of stockholders to be forever free from the possibility of taxation, except under our laws and at home, and having dwelt upon the fact that the Legislature could never interfere with the rights of the Corporation, so long as they behaved themselves; nor even where they misbehaved, otherwise than by due process of Law, he announced his intention to set off for Montreal to-morrow morning at 4 o'clock [cheers] bearing the Charter, and hoped to arrive there on Friday night, by another and a longer road, (but more used in winter) than that running through the Dixville Notch; and finished a speech of about an hour in length, by complimenting the gentlemen from Canada, and offering the Resolutions that follow, and which were unanimously adopted and re-adopted, with a tremendous roar of applause, and without a single dissenting voice.

Resolved, That the Legislature of Maine in chartering 'The Atlantic and St. Lawrence Rail Road Company,' have, been guided by an enlightened policy; and deserve of our fellow citizens the commendation of good and faithful servants of the people.

Resolved, That we earnestly recommend it to the citizens of Portland and vicinity by their liberality in taking stock in said corporation, to prove to our brethren and fellow citizens throughout the State that we are willing to bear our full share of the burden in this great enterprise.

Resolved, That it be earnestly recommended to the future stockholders in said corporation so to arrange and regulate the various sections of the road to be constructed as that the work grading the same and furnishing the necessary timber and other materials may be done in a good measure by our farmers and their sons, and own laboring people in and near the towns through which the road may pass.

Resolved, That we fully approve the terms, provisions and conditions of the charter—that in the opinion of this meeting it ought to be satisfactory to capitalists within and without the State—and that it is such as in an undertaking of such incalculable importance, the Legislature in its sound discretion ought to have granted, and the corporations ought unhesitatingly to accept.

Mr. Anderson, the Collector of Portland, was then called up at the further end of the Hall. He said he did not rise, for that were impossible, he and five hundred others having stood the whole evening; that he and they found it harder getting through the Hall than through the Dixville Notch; and after treating the subject a few moments in his off hand way, complimented the gentlemen from Canada, for their frankness, discretion, and straightforwardness, accompanied by continual cheers, concluded with avowing his belief that a subscription for half a million could be had in Portland; and that if there were those who would not subscribe in fair proportion to their interest and property, lying by to speculate upon the necessities of the more generous—there might be found a way to make them. This intimation was received with shouts of applause.

Mr. Moore, from Canada, then took the platform, and in a handsome speech, thanked the people of Portland for their kind reception, and avowed his intention to tell the people of Canada, on his return, that nowhere could they find a heartier co-operation than at Portland. These remarks were received with repeated bursts of applause.

Mr. Moore was followed by his colleague Mr. Pennoyer, who protested that he also was unaccustomed to public speaking, and especially before so large and intelligent an audience; thanked the people of Portland for the encouragement they had given to the great enterprise; declared that the arguments in its favor, were like the edge of a pair of shears—*all on one side*; avowed the belief that now it would be carried through, concluded with repeating, *I thank you*, having been interrupted again and again by the cheers of the meeting.

Both gentlemen were evidently averse to saying much; not from inability, as they had before satisfied all who had seen them; but from a wish to keep free from all "entangling alliances," and from a determination to get back to Canada with judgments untrammelled and with understandings accessible to future evidence, come from what quarter it might. Their admissions, though very guarded, were nevertheless, frank, manly and full of encouragement.

Mr. Neal was then called to the platform, and after declaring that he would not make a speech, upon this subject had gone by, since the whole State of Maine was *afire* with it—as it had been proved by the Legislature having abandoned it—and he hoped forever, their whole State policy—their self destroying war upon the rights of corporations, he called the attention of the meet-

ing to the fact, that with these two gentlemen from Canada, originated this most magnificent enterprise only about three or four months ago.

It was then Voted, on motion of Mr. N. Mitchell, ex-Postmaster, that these proceedings should be certified by the Chairman and Secretary, and published in the City papers.

Whereupon the meeting adjourned, with three more hearty and prolonged cheers for the gentlemen from Canada, accompanied with a general wish for their safe return to their families.

ELIPHALET GREELY, Chairman.
JOHN NEAL, Secretary.
Portland, February 11, 1845.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, FEBRUARY 18, 1845.

LEGISLATIVE PROCEEDINGS.

The Legislature in all its branches is now in full motion. They are in the very height of business, and matters progress as fast as can be expected in a deliberative body. During the past week various matters have been presented and acted upon.

The Bill Chartering the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Rail Road Company has passed both Houses and become a Law. It is liberal in all its provisions, and it is supposed that capitalists will not only be willing but anxious to invest their money in the stock. One provision requires that the stock shall not be taxed for any purpose until the annual dividends amount to ten per cent. We learn that Mr. Preble, whose name stands at the head of the corporation, has gone direct to Montreal—Charter in hand—to impress upon the Provincial Parliament the advantages of this Route in preference to others, and secure the co-operation of the Canadian Authorities.

We understand that an Agent, with a like mission, has been sent from New Hampshire to urge forward the Boston, Concord and Montreal Route. This Agent we learn has a Charter from New Hampshire. We do not learn that Boston or Massachusetts have yet made any move in relation to the subject.

The Liquor Bill, as it is called, has been presented and a large number of copies ordered to be printed. The Bill prohibits the sale of Liquor altogether in a less quantity than 28 gallons, except by those licensed to sell for medicinal and mechanical purposes. The penalty for a violation of the law, is, for the first offence, \$20, fine, and imprisonment in the County Jail three months—the second offence, same fine, and imprisonment one year, &c. It is supposed that this Bill will pass.

Bills to incorporate two or three Manufacturing Companies passed to be engrossed.

Bill regulating fees of Jailors for keeping prisoners passed to be engrossed in the House. The Bill provides that Jailors shall receive but \$1, per week, for board of prisoners.

An Order was introduced directing the Committee on the Judiciary to report an Act to abolish the Office of Attorney General.

PEAQUIMINE FRAUDS.—The Whig papers are now attempting to reap consolation for their defeat by publishing long Affidavits of fraud and deception perpetrated at the election in one of the Districts in Louisiana. This is the only District, we believe, in which they allege fraud on the part of the Democratic party—which is a fact of great value; and these are only a priming, compared with the same kinds of fraud proved against the Whigs of New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, in the contest of 1840.

Are these frauds true or false? If true, they should alarm every true American citizen. Such things should not be countenanced by the Democratic party, nor have they been at any time. But, on the contrary, they have denounced, on all occasions, the authors of such violations of law as enemies to civil Government. Therefore, the miserable attempt to fasten upon the Democratic party the odium of such villainy as being the legitimate results of Democratic principles, or policy, is to the last degree, mean and despicable.

We have some reason to believe these frauds are true, and that various persons were admitted to vote who were not entitled by law to that privilege. The most that has been said or done about them is, experts, and therefore cannot be relied upon, with implicit confidence. One fact worthy of consideration is to be taken into account in this matter. So far as we have seen, the Whigs do not pretend that the result in that District, or in the State of Louisiana, would have been different, if these frauds had not been perpetrated.

If these frauds were in truth committed, we deplore them as much as the Whigs; and will go as far as they in denouncing them, and ferriting out the authors and abettors of such abandoned conduct. But it looks vastly hypocritical in the Whigs at this time, to pretend that our Liberties are in danger from this cause, when scarcely a son of them uttered a syllable against frauds of ten times the magnitude perpetrated by their own party in 1840.

The people of this vicinity have been called to commiserate the loss of Rev. Wm. Brown, of Oxford, whose house was recently burnt. Owing to various causes, Mr. Brown, who is a worthy Minister, has struggled with hard fortune for several years past. Our people who have any charities to bestow, cannot better dispose of them than by calling on Mr. B. and giving him such things, in money, provision, and clothing, as his necessities imperiously demand.

We learn that the Bangor Gazette has been discontinued for want of patronage. Also, the Thompsonian Manuel, Boston. The former Journal expatiated on its love and sympathy for a black skin, and the latter on the excellencies and modus operandi of Lobelia and red pepper. Both dead for the want of patronage! This is ominous.

MAYOR OF BOSTON.—We have been waiting this long time, for the citizens of Boston to elect a Mayor; but they can't agree to do it; so Boston is Mayorless. They have made seven trials, and no Mayor yet. At the last trial, Davis, Nove, had 4342—Parker, Whig, 3296—Hower, Democrat, 1491—Scattering 14.

PRESIDENT POLK.

According to the latest intelligence from the President elect, he has arrived at Cincinnati, Ohio, on his way to Washington. On his passage hither, he was greeted with the greatest tokens of respect and enthusiasm by the people. He was met, on his arrival at Cincinnati, by an immense concourse of citizens. He was accompanied by his family, consisting of his lady—an adopted son, and Mr. Walker, his nephew and private Secretary. It was his intention to proceed on his journey to Washington, by steamboat, up the Ohio river, unless the river, from the extreme cold, should freeze over, in which case he would proceed by stage through the interior of Ohio.

Mr. Polk is very soon to take charge of the arduous duties of the highest office on the Western Continent, or in the world. We sincerely hope his Administration may be guided by wisdom, truth, and justice, equalling, in all respects, those of his illustrious predecessors, Washington, Jefferson and Jackson.

ONE DAY ELECTION BILL PASSED.

The Bill introduced by Dr. Duncan, requiring that the election for President and Vice President should be held on the same day throughout the Union, has passed both Houses of Congress, and received the signature of the President. After long and repeated efforts on the part of the Democratic Party the Bill has finally become the law of the land. The frauds of '40 will not now be repeated with impunity.

LETTER FROM LEVI WOODBURY.

We have always liked Mr. Woodbury's straight-forward course on all questions of moment. He never dodges—he never flatters. Like an honest man, strong in the power of his principles, he marches boldly up to the issue, and takes at once a foremost position. He has done this on the Texas question. From the outset, he has been the steadiest friend of the measure. He has never feared to utter his opinions. The following is a copy of a plain, sensible, patriotic, and frank letter written by him to the committee of arrangements of the late democratic meeting in New York, in favor of the immediate annexation of Texas.

Washington, Jan. 20th, 1845.

Gentlemen—I feel greatly obliged by your kind invitation to attend the public meeting to be held in your city in favor of the immediate annexation of Texas.

It is not in my power to be present on that occasion, but I do not hesitate to say that its object meets with my hearty approbation. The reasons for it, connected with our national defence—with new markets for our manufactures—with additional employment for our navigation—with wider fields for our agriculture—last but not least, have been too often explained to require examination now.

Beyond all these, it is our constitutional duty to prevent foreign influence from weakening or endangering our national progress to those high destinies on this continent which have been so rapidly developed during the last half century.

The measure, however, is exposed to defeat, not so much by the want of urgent reasons in its favor, as by the force of sectional jealousies, and party tactics and party prejudices, reinforced by a blind or short-sighted fanaticism.

The danger which is greatest is from indirect modes of resistance—and assumed constitutional scruples in one quarter and an insidious amendment in another—or a fatal delay of action in another—all professing friendliness to annexation on the lips, but often it is feared, cherishing hostility in the heart. The best test of sincerity on this occasion in favor of annexation is action; deeds rather than words; and though differences of principle are to be respected however lamented in cases of such magnitude, yet it is to be hoped that none, truly desirous of an early re-annexation, will be misled into any delusive procrastination, which is likely to end only in defeat and useless repentance.

But we must not despair of the Republic. Public sentiment general is sound on this subject, and the people at large are ahead of politicians in favor of a measure so auspicious to the interests, honor, and glory of the country. Let the people continue to speak and act effectively on it, and annexation must be safe—annexation as early as practicable—annexation, creditable and useful to both parties, and independent and fearless, whether of foreign dictation or domestic machinations.

Respectfully,
LEVI WOODBURY.
John D. Kellogg and others, Com. of Arrangements.

The following capital anecdote is copied from the correspondence of the Charleston Patriot:—
"There are some laughable stories relative to the rather rough reception which the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Bibb, gives to office seekers. The other day, a straight forward Kentuckian entered the office, and handed his letters of recommendation.

Having read them, the Secretary turned to his visitor, and in a stern accent said, 'Look at me sir.'

The applicant looked at him.
'Look at me again, sir.'

The astonished man looked at him again.
'Now,' said the Secretary, 'do you think I look like an executioner? Do you think I am going to take the bread from another man's mouth to fill yours?'

The Kentuckian was instantly missing. It was supposed he would not stop until he had taken refuge in Mammoth Cave.

The Democrats of Cincinnati are making preparations to receive the President elect, who in reply to their invitation to spend some days in that city on his way to Washington, has signified that he will be with them about the 5th of February.

CHARACTER OF A TRUE FRIEND.

Concerning the man you call your friend—tell me, will he weep with you in the hour of distress? Will he faithfully reprove you to your face for actions for which others are ridiculing or censuring you behind your back? Will he dare to stand forth in your defence when detraction is secretly aiming its deadly weapons at your reputation? Will he acknowledge you with the same cordiality, and behave with the same friendly attention, in the company of your superiors in rank and fortune, as when the claims of pride and vanity do not interfere with those of friendship? If misfortune and losses should oblige you to retire into a walk in life in which you cannot appear with the same distinction, or entertain your friends with the same liberality as formerly, will he still think himself happy in your society, and, instead of gradually withdrawing himself from an unprofitable connexion, take pleasure in professing himself your friend, and cheerfully assist you to support the burden of your afflictions? When sickness shall call you to retire from the gay and busy scenes of the world, will he follow you into your gloomy abode, listen with attention to your "tale of symptoms," and minister the balm of consolation to your fainting spirit? And lastly, when death shall burst assunder every earthly tie, will he shed a tear upon the grave, and lodge the dear remembrance of your mutual friendship in his heart, as a treasure never to be resigned? The man who will not do all this may be your companion—your flatterer—your seducer—but depend upon it he is not your friend.—*Enfield.*

MAINE ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE.

We are indebted to Dr. Ray for the Reports of the Trustees, Stewart, Treasurer, and Superintendent of our Asylum. The affairs of the Hospital appear to be in a very promising condition. The number of patients, Nov. 30, 1843, was 68. Admitted during the year, 83. Number of discharges Recovered, 22. Improved, 18. Not improved, 22. Died, 3.—Total 73.

The report of the Superintendent, Dr. Ray, is just what we might expect from a gentleman so highly skilled as a physician, and so well versed in the peculiar and trying duties devolving upon the head of such an establishment. The report is principally occupied with an exposition of the medical and moral management pursued in the institution under his care. His remarks are entitled to great weight, and will no doubt throw new light on all important subjects of the best treatment of the insane. It is gratifying to the philanthropist—and it must be a consolation to those who have friends suffering from the disease of insanity, that a gentleman so every way calculated for the office he sustains, is placed at the head of this institution.—*Transcript.*

ARMED OCCUPATION OF OREGON.

N. Y. Herald Washington Correspondence.

As an evidence of the determination of the present Congress to take possession of the territory of Oregon, I have to inform you that the Committee on Military Affairs (consisting of Messrs. Harlan of Ga., Coles of Va., Black of S. C., McConnell of AL, McDowell of Ohio, Seymour of Conn., democrats, and Messrs. Irwin of Pa., Clinch of Ga., and Fish of New York, whigs,) have unanimously agreed to report a resolution appropriating the sum of \$100,000, to be placed in the hands of the President of the United States, for the immediate armed occupation of Oregon. This sum is only for the present year, it being considered sufficient for immediate purposes.—There is no doubt it will pass the House without opposition, as a recommendation coming from such men as Gen. Clinch and Walter Coles, including the other members of the Committee, is indorsement sufficient to secure its passage.

AMERICAN SEAMEN.

Complaints are made about the scarcity of American seamen. We are told that of all the seamen on our mercantile marine, not more than one fourth are Americans; that while the laws require two thirds of every ship's crew to be Americans, not an American ship has left an American port within the last twenty five years, with Americans for one half its crew. And we are told that Britain has more seamen than employment for them in time of peace, in its military or mercantile marine; that France can raise more seamen in a day than the United States in a month; that the Swedish seamen in American service make an average of one for every vessel; and that the United States with twenty millions of people, and a commerce only second in the world, and rapidly becoming the first, have not more than ten thousand native seamen.—*Newburyport Herald.*

The members of the Massachusetts Legislature usually adjourn to dine at two o'clock. The country members, who at home keep better hours, get somewhat sharkish in consequence. The Boston Atlas says one of the Senators from the country intends to introduce the following resolution:

Whereas, by nature, Honorable Senators, We do inherit from our laps' progenitors, A mortal inability, (poor sinners!) To hold fast our integrity, without our dinners. So that the safety of the Commonwealth Is here at stake, as well as our own health; And whereas, further, it doth plain appear, By yonder clock, that dinner time is near— Therefore, Resolved, that laying on the table All other matters less considerable, We now adjourn—and, having taken air, Go into Joint Committee, on the "Bill of Fare."

Mon Law.—Disney, we learn, has introduced a bill into the Senate, in relation to mobs, which is likely to pass. The bill provides that towns and cities shall be responsible for the damages done by mobs within their limits. This is the true principle, and the only measure we can think of likely to have a preventive effect against mobs. If Mr. Disney succeeds he will deserve credit for the measure.—*[Cincinnati (Ohio) Chronicle.]*

We recommend the same kind of action in Maine.

Governor Tallmadge, of Wisconsin, has recommended the legislature of that territory to prohibit the sales of ardent spirits to the Indians.

INDIAN COURTSHIP.

A party of fourteen Indians, male and female, have lately started for England from the Northwest Territory, the speculation of taking live savages to be stared at by John Bull proving a profitable one. These Indians say that their mode of courtship is something as follows: The stricken Romeo discourses such music as he is able to extract from a rude flute before the wigwam of the copper colored one until the damsel comes forth, then he commences pelting her with sticks. If she smiles, and does not throw the sticks back, it is a match; on the contrary, if she takes it into her head to throw the aforesaid sticks back, the poor man puts up his pipe and looks for another wigwam, or, in other words, 'puts that in his pipe and smokes it.' This is one way to make and reject love.

TEXAS.—The Democrats of Bangor held a large meeting at the City Hall on the evening of the 5th and passed the following resolutions relating to the annexation of Texas:—

Resolved, That the people of the State of Maine decided in favor of the annexation of Texas at the recent Presidential election.

Resolved, That the Hon. John Fairfield, our Senator in Congress, be respectfully requested to vote for the Resolutions for the annexation of Texas which have recently passed the House of Representatives.

The meeting was ably and eloquently addressed by A. G. Jewett and Gorham Parks, Esquires in favor of the immediate annexation of Texas.

FIRST CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

Below we give returns from this district so far as they have been received. They are enough to show there is no choice. We would renew our proposition of last week, to call a convention to determine the basis of future conventions. Or the sense of the people may be taken, as suggested by some one, by caucuses called in each town, and communicating their decision to the County Committee. All must by this time, we think, be satisfied of the necessity of a convention to unite our party if possible. We hope another trial will not be ordered till next fall, unless there should be reason to expect an extra session of Congress. [Saco Democrat.]

THE POST OFFICE BILL.—On Saturday the Bill reducing letter postage was passed in the Senate. It provides a uniform rate of five cents on single letters, without regard to distance, and in proportion for double and triple letters, &c. All letters, whether composed of one or more pieces, if not weighing more than half an ounce, to be deemed single, if an ounce double, &c. Letters delivered from the office where deposited, 2 cts. Newspapers to go free to the extent of thirty miles from the place of publication. These are the important features of the bill. The franking privilege is somewhat modified, and penalties imposed for its violation. Penalties are also imposed for carrying letters out of the mail; newspapers and periodicals are exempted. The bill will not give general satisfaction, but it is better than none, though probably it will receive some amendments before it can go through the house.—*Rep. Jour.*

The Calais Advertiser furnishes the following table of the principal exports from that town, during the year 1844:—

LUMBER EXPORTED.

18,700,000	feet Pine,
14,500,000	" Spruce,
650,000	" Hemlock,
40,000	" Hardwood,
50,000,000	Laths,
21,000,000	Shingles,
3,100,000	Pickets,
300,000	Clapboards,
4,000	Hackmatack and Spruce Knees, and about 10,000 Barrels of Potatoes. Number of arrivals at the port, 540. Amount of flour received, 15,000 barrels; of Corn, 57,000 bushels.

A magnificent donation. The Hon. Abbott Lawrence has given the sum of twenty thousand dollars to the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, to aid in the erection of a hall which shall do credit to that institution; and towards the establishment of a free school therein, for the education of mechanic apprentices in those branches of learning which may be most beneficial to their several pursuits. A noble donation for a noble object. [Boston Post]

An American Slave. We learn from Rio, that Mr. Gordon, the U. S. Consul, has seized the Montevideo, a vessel under American colors, on suspicion of her being engaged in the slave trade and has arrested the captain, Pendleton, officers and crew, and confined them on board the Boston sloop of war in the harbour of Rio, intending to send them home with the first opportunity. [Mercantile Journal.]

The Storm in New York.—The Courier and Enquirer of Wednesday says, 'a row of twenty brick houses in 26th street, near 7th avenue, was partly blown down last evening. They were nearly ready for roofing, the north-east front only wanting one story of completion, when the storm filling the upper stories with snow and driving with great fury upon the fresh brick work, completely demolished the 3d and 4th stories of the whole row. They belonged to Commodore De Kay, and we are glad to hear that no person was injured, and that the loss will be inconsiderable in proportion to the apparent magnitude of the accident.'

DISTILLERIES.—From the latest authorities, it appears that the number of distilleries in the United States is 10,407; the number of gallons of distilled liquors produced annually is 41,502,007, which, if sold at 20 cents per gallon, would produce \$8,300,501 40. What untold misery is the result of this enormous and degrading traffic.

Recall of the Mexican Minister.—The Journal of Commerce says that it hears upon good authority that the new government of Mexico, under date of Dec. 30th, issued instructions to Gen. Almonte, the Mexican Minister to the United States, to demand his passports.

